UNSEEN HORIZONS

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UNSEEN HORIZONS

By the same Writer

ROSEMARY (*Longmans*)

JOHN MERRIDEW (*Longmans*)

THE MYSTERIOUS MONSIEUR DUMONT (*John Murray*)

THE GREAT ATTEMPT (*John Murray*)

UNSEEN HORIZONS

By
FREDERICK ARTHUR

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET
M CM XV

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To SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

My dear Stanford,

Albeit no poem in this book is either set to your music, or at all worthy of it, melodies of yours inspired more than one of them.

Will you, then, allow me to dedicate them to you, and thus give me the pleasure of subscribing myself once again,

Most sincerely yours,

Frederick Arthur.

922043

NOTE

THESE poems (with the exception of six taken from "Rosemary," now, I believe, out of print) were written during the years preceding the War, when many of us watched, with an ever-increasing anxiety, the trend of things social, political and moral in our beloved country.

Now the day has come, a day which all foresaw but those who chose to close their eyes, and our young men have shewn that they can still "see visions and dream dreams," and die for the realization of them.

F. A.

September, 1915.

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UNSEEN HORIZONS

Matri Filii

Great Motherland, we come
To thee who art our home,
Our bright swords flashing in the morning light,
From far off Southern seas
Where blows the scented breeze,
From Northern lands where broods an endless night,
Amid eternal snows
Where no man goes
But hand in hand with death; from the ice floes
Of a perpetual winter, from the streams
Where the sun's beams
Play on the sparkling waters, and cry: "Lo,
Here the winds blow,
As blow they yet in Scotland or in Wales,"
Or where the sunny dales
Of Devon spread their bosom to the light,
All bare and bright
Like Danäe to her wooer; from the plains
Of sunburnt Ind and from the rolling veldt

Where loneliness is felt
Like a sharp pain
That comes, and comes again,
Where no man dwells, and no man ever dwelt;
From East, from West, in one unceasing throng
We haste along,
Bearing on high the banner of our race,
Our faith, thy faith
Unto the bounds of death,
Our life into thy life,
Through e'en the bitterest strife,
Inextricably woven and entwined
As God alone can bind;
Our eager eyes still fixed upon thy face.

Where wilt thou send us, Mother? To the death
Amid the swamps of Flanders? Be it so!
Ours but to go,
Ours but to spend for thee our latest breath,
Joyous and glad,
As, of old, Galahad
Strove for the Grail, nor thought it loss to die,
His bright sword still untried,
His great soul satisfied
With that one mystic vision poised on high.

Why do we love thee, Mother? Know'st thou why?
Thou, being what thou art,
Standest a thing apart,
An idol, maybe, yet to idols, we

Poor souls who cannot see,
Must ever turn in our idolatry,
Discerning but in part;
As to the childish mind
God shews Himself, behind
And through the Mother's gentle eyes,
So thou, no less
Mother to all thy children, great and small,
The sum of all
Their hopes and aspirations, dost express
In all thy graciousness,
The far off god-like vision that we prize.

Then gladly will we go,
(Loud let the trumpets blow)
On this our last and our supremest quest;
To live, to die,
Bearing the Flag on high,
Guarding the weak and championing the oppressed.
And if we chance to fall,
What matter after all?
Greater the guerdon than we know: for see!
Life is a sacrifice,
The living dies,
The dead shall live if they have died for thee.

One Who Fell in Flanders

He is not dead! For him there is no loss,
  But greater guerdon than we dream of here:
He is not dead! The roughly carvèd cross
  Which marks the grave where what we held so dear
Lies sleeping till the final Judgment Day
Serves but to mark his prison-house of clay!

He is not dead! Why should we deem it strange
  That he should shed his body like a robe?
Nor is he far, that our fond thoughts should range
  Through all immensity, or seek to probe
God's fastness, the immeasurable recess
Of that undreamt, untrodden loneliness.

Nay, he is near; far nearer than of old;
  Still doth he lead his squadron in the fight:
Loved comrades who have cast their earthly mould
  As he has, and do battle for the right
Beyond the veil, 'gainst Satan's hosts; and he
Sees far more of the Great Campaign than we.

He sees the Principalities and Powers
  Loosed by Apollyon on this fever'd earth :
He sees that wondrous heritage of ours
  And the new England burgeoning to birth.
He sees the chance with our great future knit,
And wonders at the use we make of it.

For him no more the burden and the stress,
  But service freed from weariness and pain ;
Nor grief for loved ones in their loneliness,
  But knowledge that his service is their gain ;
His death a pledge that England still shall live,
Give we but half the service he did give.

And now his body lies neath Flemish trees,
  Warmed by a Flemish sun adown the hours.
For love of country, woman's honour—these—
  For these he died. O deck his grave with flowers !
Upon his cross the dew hangs many a gem,
A small child's wreath his priceless diadem.

August 14, 1915.

ITALIAN POEMS

Pæstum

Stern and serene and silent, so they stand,
  These ancient fanes of long lost heathendom,
Fair dreams of Greece, dreamt in a foreign land,
  Exiles that found a new Tyrrhenian home,
A home as fair as any mountain side
  In Argos. On their heads the sunlight shone
And tanned their marble architraves, and dyed
  The flowers around a deep vermilion ;
And o'er the stones where people stood to pray,
  And where the altar burned with sacred fire,
The ivy creeps her solitary way,
  Mid rosemary, the herb of dead desire.
None tread their courts or mark the wondrous scene,
Alone they stand, stern, silent and serene.

Stern and serene and silent, in the haze
  Of morning beauty mid the dripping flowers,
 Andsilent too in all the rosy blaze
  Of sunset, and the dying evening hours
When the pale marble temples are no more,
  But change to fanes of porphyry set in gold,
When calls the bittern from the sad sea shore
  And the miasma rises dank and cold.

Oft have I pondered here beneath the shade
  Of some tall column ere the day was done,
Watching the golden fireflies as they played,
  And blue-green lizards basking in the sun,
And cried : "Why stand ye silent and alone,
Serene and stern, with all your votaries gone?"

Cried, but there echoed no returning cry,
  Nor any answer through the silent air,
But in my sight a faëry pageantry
  Swept up the glade and to the altar there;
Maidens with sheaves of corn, and children fair
  With flowers to deck the shrine of Cybele,
And youths with golden tridents, and a pair
  Of hardy fisherfolk from off the sea
To honour Neptune's altar. As I gazed,
  Sweet sounds of music, scarce perceptible
Awaked mine ears entrancèd and amazed,
  With song more sweet than ever I can tell,
Till rose a distant murmur from the shore
That brake my dream! I saw and heard no more.

O ye tremendous altars of the past,
  Where God was worshipped through so strange disguise,
How could ye hope your ritual should last
  When Christ did come to earth in childlike guise?
How do your dæmons start in shy surprise
  To see their myths dispelled as in a day

By one small baby hand, whose Owner lies
  Safe in a maiden's bosom far away !
Silent ye gaze across the lonely strand
  Where break the azure waters on the shore,
And wait in vain to hear the high command
  Which shall recall your worshippers once more ;
Calm and serene and silent by the sea
Ye stand, and watch and wait most patiently.

Fear not ! Methinks that out beyond the skies
  In the far distant future dawns a day
When in our place new worshippers shall rise
  Who'll count us wrapt in shadows, e'en as they,
Thine ancient votaries, for we display,
  Despite the light that was to them denied,
Amid the mists that make our morn so gray,
  Fresh forms of idol-worship in our pride.
Light have we, e'en the light of highest heaven,
  Yet how can our poor eyes presume to be
True channels to the truth, while we have striven,
  Not the God-Man, but man as god to see ?
Wait then our little day, not quite forlorn,
And greet your Master-Builder in the dawn.

PÆSTUM. *April*, 1912.

Calabrian Love Song

HERE as I sit beneath the loggia,
Here as I gaze into the street
Waiting the moment of thy coming,
Life is sweet.

Friends passing by towards the piazza
Greet one another with a smile,
While I sit watching for thy shadow
All the while.

Brightly the sun shines in the heaven,
Swift flit the clouds across the sky,
And now thyself approachest swiftly
Passing by.

Wilt thou not hear my ceramella?
Cast not one glance to where I sit?
Alas! the sun is hid, and shadows
Cover it.

CALABRIAN LOVE SONG

Hast thou no word to greet thy lover?
  Hast thou no single glance to spare?
Ah! then the joyous day is ended
    That dawned so fair.

'Tis past, the hour my soul awaited,
  Thou too art past upon thy way,
And night has fall'n upon my spirit
    Where once was day.

March 5, 1913.

Italian Sonnets

After long years, by work and service blest,
The sessions and the tented field no more,
Nor the world's mart by eager footsteps pressed
Of countless thousands, mid the ceaseless roar
Of the great city, claim the precious store
Of all too fleeting days. Whence, then, this rest
In fäery lands upon whose rocky shore,
Of all God's gardens fair the loveliest,
The everlasting ocean makes a moan
Sad as a last farewell, and yet so sweet
That meetings of dear friends, who (far away
Through years of separation) happy meet
Quite unexpected on some summer day,
Though e'er so welcome, scarce are sweeter grown?

Whence comes this rest, this peace 'neath southern skies,
Mid tombs of generations in decay,
To what new calls, what fresh activities
Is this a preface? See! the livelong day
The waters round this sea-girt land proclaim
That nothing stays, but all things pass away;

Pass and return, transformed but still the same,
As round each rock, and in each little bay
Deep azure-tinted waters ever beat,
Peering and peeping in each crevice small,
Constant in an unceasing rise and fall,
In countless waves, on countless little feet,
While the eternal ocean making moan
Calls to itself, unknowing and unknown.

Fly wasted here the days, the hours we prize?
Here where the soul—her feeble music hush't
'Neath Nature's too tremendous harmonies—
Lies silent in despair and bites the dust?
We dare not speak those thoughts which needs we must,
For who with 'nointed eyes can silence keep,
And though the song be worthless, yet I trust
That like the tainted streams which swell the deep,
Bearing the memories of some busy town,
Its medley of our human joys and woes,
Where all that's fair, and much of evil grows,
And good and bad, clean and unclean flow down,
So our poor thoughts, blent in the ocean, may
Though starting e'en as foul, be purified as they.

Methinks while others work, 'tis strange to stand
And watch each speed to his appointed post;
To wander aimless through this wondrous land
Just when thine own would seem to need thee most;
Yet may it chance that, in God's mighty host,

They serve not less who wait, and patient know
To keep the brain, the will, the soul almost,
Braced for the deed, when called to strike the blow.
Woe to the land whose children do not find
Th' unfathomable worth of sacrifice;
Who cannot cast, light-hearted, to the wind,
Not baser things alone, but human ties
Most sacred, aye, and think 'twere better so,
Ever prepared, when called, to come, to stay, to go.

For in the realms of the Invisible,
When Lord and servant, sent and Sender meet,
There, where the sent will have so much to tell,
So much to lay before the Sender's feet,
If but the Lord His servant deigns to greet,
Nor scorns the unfruitful work of all the years,
Winnowing the chaff from out the scanty wheat,
Demanding not full payment of arrears,
Shall not the memory, more than crystal clear,
Reveal the past as in a picture? Then
No prowess, gain nor victory shall cheer,
Nor approbations won from other men,
But this one thought shall, mid all else, appal;
Of a life's work so poor, so little after all!

We work not as we would, nor as we might;
The busy hours that glide so fast away
Leave no more to record when comes the night
Than night can show to the returning day
Dreams unfulfilled, resolves that do not stay,

Or blended with our dreaming come to nought,
High-sounding billows ending but in spray,
Deeds dying, ere materialized, in thought.
Ah! When the great Archangel's trump shall sound,
And the young soul from farthest space has sped
To seek again within the hallowed ground
That chrysalis his friends had deemèd dead,
Shall he not cry: "What must I do with thee
That wast my weapon once, my opportunity?"

How fares it in that island home of ours,
That England nestling in the Northern sea,
That pearl among the Nations, power of powers,
Far-swaying shrine of law and liberty?
Are her sons ever burning to be free
Whate'er the cost; her daughters strong and brave,
Together blent in perfect loyalty,
Self last, undaunted even to the grave?
Or is there truth in Rumour's poisonous tale
That maketh Self the object, Self the goal,
Self the epitome of all, a frail
And feeble race, puny in mind and soul
That dare not face the tempest gathering near,
But idly laughs, or crouches down in fear?

This, this is the occasion, this the day,
Now must we fight, and now must win the prize,
Or lose for ever. Chance that doth not stay,
May tear from out our grasp the destinies
Of this Imperial Race. Old chivalries,

Past deeds, and bygone heroes nought avail
To stay the crash and falling of the skies,
Our own hands must do that; for if we fail
To guard the trust God gave us, not the sum
And total of all cravens in the page
Of History, nor the names that soonest come
Before the mind as types in every age
Of utter meanness, shall be held to be
So poor, so low, so pitiful as we.

Is this the end of nigh two thousand years'
Working and striving? Is it then for this
That men have turned their backs on earthly bliss,
Women foregone the luxury of tears,
And borne and suffered, fought and triumphed till
Their names rang through the world; who drank their
fill
Of pain and danger; thrust the evil down,
And bred a race valiant in thoughts and deeds
Who, even in their sinning sinned as Men,
Not as these flies upon the ointment, breeds
Who whine at duty's call, aye whine, and then
Dare cry and carp at Parenthood, the crown
And summit of all faithfulness, the key
Of life, the training of the England that's to be!

Rise up, ye sons of this great Empire! Rise!
To you belongs the fruit of all the years.
If yet shall flutter proudly 'neath the skies
Your Fathers' flag, if all their hopes, their fears,

Yea their own hearts' blood and their women's tears
  Once nobly spent shall not be spent in vain,
Ye needs must lay aside your childish years,
  Your love of play, your mad pursuit of gain.
See ! at your feet unheeded lies the prize
  Won for you by the great ones passed away :
An Empire's name, a people's destinies !
  Stand then, nor count the cost, but face the fray
Shoulder to shoulder, 'neath the Flag unfurl'd,
Or deeper sink than Rome, once mistress of the world.

ITALY. 1910.

Capri

Capri! Capri! Fairy land!
  Endless summer weather!
We will wander, hand in hand,
  You and I together,
Where the rosemary and broom
With the cactus, scarce leave room
For the flowers that seek to bloom
  Up among the heather.

Scrambling over rocks, we spy
  Countless nooks and crannies,
Wonder where hid dryads lie,
  Where the grove of Pan is,
And in very early morn
We may see the gentle Faun,
Watching for the coming dawn,
  Half appear, and vanish.

Capri! Capri! When I go
  Back to snow and rain,
And the light is burning low
  In both heart and brain,

Thy fair picture doth arise
Venus-like, before my eyes
From the sea 'neath azure skies,
  And summer's here again.

Capri ! Capri ! Fairy land !
  Endless summer weather !
We will wander, hand in hand,
  You and I together.
Where the rosemary and broom
With the cactus, scarce leave room
For the flowers that seek to bloom
  Up among the heather.

CAPRI. *February*, 1910.

Finis

THEN we'll sail no more together
  Out across the bay,
Roam no more knee-deep in heather
  Through a summer's day;
For the heart that beats at morning
  Beats too fast for strength;
Ere the noonday comes the warning
  "Rest at length."

Hand in hand no more we'll wander
  Through the summer night,
Growing fond and ever fonder
  While the heart is light.
Though our thoughts may kiss each other
  By the moonlit shore,
Thou a sister, I a brother—
  Nothing more!

Vows that should have made of you
  And me but one,
Evanescent as the dew,
  Are vanished, gone.

September, 1910.

Reconciliation

Lazily sway the cypress trees,
  The streams come tumbling down the hills,
And from the South the evening breeze
  With perfume all the garden fills.
The Ave sounds from every tower
  As in the West the sunset glows,
And for all Nature 'tis the hour
  When labour yields to sweet repose.

Hark ! from the Piazza happy cries
  Of young and old, together blent,
Chase like the clouds from summer skies
  The shadows of all discontent.
Beneath the oaks the nightingale
  Sings in the lilacs all night long,
While I come wandering up the vale
  To wait and listen for thy song.

The lily floats so silently
  Upon the waters of the lake ;
While fireflies flit through every tree,
  Pale little lamps of wondrous make.
Great Nature's peace about us lies
  On town and convent, earth and sea,
Before her gaze pale anger dies,
  Let there be peace 'twixt you and me !

Villa d'Este. *May*, 1910.

Sunset from the Steps of the Trinità de' Monti

The dark hills glow beneath the setting sun,
The mighty Dome
Of the world's great Cathedral, all in white
Hangs like a sphere of glory set in heaven.
From the eaves
And in the branches of the trees
Birds twitter ; from the tired city come
Sounds as of labour not yet ended. Leaves
Rustle in the evening wind, and gaunt
Age-broken fragments of torn masonry
Rear up their mighty heads
Here and there, far in the distance, where of old
Dead Cæsars dwelt.
Thus pagan Rome doth raise her wounded hands
In protest 'gainst the Cross that holds her down,
Deep down for aye in Erebus. In the sky
Mingle all greens and blues,
Carmine, pink, porphyry and white,
In one kaleidoscope of colour.
Now sinks the sun, and Ave-bells ring out,

First one, then two, then twenty all at once,
Sounding the gamut of all human pain,
All human hopes and aspirations.
See! the sun
From his deep bed beneath the world,
Sends up his parting Vale to the day,
And, after death
More glorious than in dying, clothes the earth
As with a wondrous cope pontifical,
All wrought in purple, green, and cloth of gold.
Now sinks the day to sleep; the dying breeze
Murmurs a parting whisper,
Flowers close their petals,
In the air is silence,
In the heart peace.

ROME. *April*, 1910.

Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony

Above the tremor of the violins
Rises one soft sweet call,
An oboe's voice; and all
Sad memories of past sins,
Glad hopings, lost imaginings
That die whilst they enthral,
Come crowding through the overburdened brain
To waken to new life, or expiate in pain.

Sing on, great note! For aye
Sing me to sleep!
Plunge in oblivion deep
This life so gray
That moves with pace so halting on its way
And has no heart to weep.
Deck thou with asphodels,
This brow to garlands strange, unused to marriage bells.

As thy weird plaintive call,
Sped from some faëry clime
Far in the untrod wilderness of time
Safe hid from all,

Rings upward o'er the instruments around,
Such waves of sound
Methinks do lap against the eternal spheres,
An Angel e'en might marvel when he hears.

Ah ! sound once more !
Murmur but once again
Ye violins in pain,
Ye cellos that do draw
Through pathos of your too-vibrating strings
Such keen delight ;
Darkness creeps on, and brings
Borne on her raven wings
What with thy silence e'en must come—the Night.

Hark ! now 'tis o'er !
The voice is gone,
Gone from the confines of this planet wan,
This desolate shore,
To seek a home beyond the burning West.
Ah ! Spirit blest,
Forget us not where thou dost chance to dwell,
Farewell, farewell !

ROME. *May*, 1910.

Rispetto

(*Imitated from the Tuscan*)

O LADY with the roses in your hair,
  And golden ringlets round about your face !
  My happy heart rejoices in your grace,
My eyes perceive your likeness everywhere.
Where'er you go, my heart doth follow swift
  To prove your henchman and to do your will,
  Content in all your moods to serve you still,
If you but deign your glorious eyes to lift ;

If you but lift the shutters of your eyes,
  Those lids that hide the daylight from the day ;
  Cicalas sing when light has passed away
But birds do cease their varied harmonies.
When you but shed your burning glance around,
  My heart awakens in a new-born spring,
  Spring-time anew descends on everything,
Spring flowers do bloom and blossom o'er the ground.

Your voice doth wake the voices of the dawn,
  The cooing tortorella and the bee,
  While the wind rising, plays on every tree
A symphony to greet the coming morn.

RISPETTO

Ah! if I in the night-time could be nigh,
  And feel the breath that keeps thy lips apart,
  How would I count the beating of thy heart,
And mark the passing of the hours thereby!

I lean upon my window-sill and see
  Those passing by adown the busy street.
  Thy name doth often rise to my retreat,
For all thy neighbours love to talk of thee.
And all thy neighbours love thy gentle smile
  And all the neighbours speak of thee as kind,
  And when I hear of it I ask my mind:
"Will she not pause to talk with me awhile?"

Rosamarina of my garden fair,
  Jacinth that scents the pergola at noon,
  O lily paler than the pale new moon,
O rose that shed'st thy blossom everywhere!
Breeze of the evening, soft breeze from the South,
  Fair star of eve that calls the coming day,
  I faint for thee, and longing, pine away
To quench my parchèd thirst upon thy mouth!

FIESOLE. *June*, 1910.

Evening in Calabria

THE world is resting, and the evening bells
Are ringing out the Ave overhead;
A light breeze rising from the North foretells
Another day like this, scarce vanishèd.
Beneath the grass and in the thickets round,
Cicalas trill the compline of the day
While I, too, say my Ave from the ground
Watching the early fireflies at their play,
Lying outstretched upon the sun-burnt stones
While a late lizard peeps at me and smiles,
Then slips into some crevice near at hand.
Ah! ye who linger in some Northern land,
How can ye know the soft Circean tones
Of Italy, her sunshine and her wiles?

February 16, 1912.

A Mountain Vision

I WANDERED 'neath the summits of the hills
Where the wild goats stood browsing, scarce in sight,
And the late-melting snow in tiny rills
Made little streams all twinkling in the light.
Upwafted from the sea, a breeze so slight
And gentle, it could scarcely stir the leaves
Of olive, pine or cactus, or the bright
Mimosa with whose flowers the sunshine weaves
A pattern on the path, refreshed my gaze,
When lo! a maiden bearing on her head
A basket of rock-roses red and white,
With rosemary from the sweet mountain ways,
Came round the rocks, the self-same path did tread,
Then vanished mid the roses out of sight.

SOUTHERN ITALY. *February* 17, 1912.

Noonday in Italy

THE waves lap softly on the sunlit shore,
Far to the west, the great Tyrrhenian sea
Lies fast asleep basking in sunshine. More
And still more white and fleecy cloudlets flee
Across the vault of heaven, which seems to be
Some high celestial archway of deep blue
Whose clouds do form a wondrous tapestry
Never the same, but ever formed anew,
Casting a veil of thin transparent lawn
O'er inlet, rock, and mountain and hid shrine,
Or wreathed about the summit of the hills,
Whence in a tinkling melody, the rills
Making sweet music more than half divine,
Come tumbling down mid cactus, rose and thorn.

CAPRI. *March* 16, 1912.

A Song of the Maremma

Love came to me one day amid the vines,
  And where he stood, I planted me a rose,
  And said : "With thee for aye my passion grows,
With thee it wanes. My tender heart entwines
Its tendrils round thy stem. If e'er it pines
  Wilt thou too pine away and die? God knows!"

I came with the in-coming of the year,
  To find my vineyard left in woful state,
  And my rose dying, dry and desolate!
I laid me down to weep, but found no tear
To soften my sad heart, so cold and drear,
  For love had left me all disconsolate.

O rose whose bloom I watered with my tears,
  Too greatly loved, too near to my dead heart,
  Must thou, and I, and love for ever part,
And thou and love lie dead through all the years?
Come, cruel death, for me thou hast no fears;
  Only the friendless know how sweet thou art!

March 19, 1912.

Assunta

Little maiden with the flowers,
  And hands so full of posies,
Orchids, broom and cyclamen,
  Lilies and rock-roses,
Day by day you take your stand,
  Little budding "donna,"
By the white and ruined shrine
  Of the crowned Madonna.

Tourists oft come walking by,
  Past your chosen station,
With manners low and manners high,
  Some of every nation.
Englishmen, who do not know,
  For your flowers give plenty;
Germans snatch them roughly—so!—
  Try to give you "niente."

But you're up to every trick
  Though so young and tender,
Greeting each with glance so quick,
  Friends of either gender.

But for me a smile divine,
  Sweet Assunta Baldi,
And all the flowers that you entwine
  All for "due soldi"!

Little maid who pickest flowers
  In the mountain passes,
Soon will come the happy hours
  Made for all sweet lasses.
Then no more thou'lt pick for me,
  Or for any other;
Someone else shall pick for thee,—
  Someone else's brother!

APENNINES. *April*, 1912.

La Certosa—Capri

HERE, but a stone's throw from the busy town,
Where murmurs and confusions never cease,
Nor hurrying feet, nor loud discordances,
And strife and wrangling oftentimes would drown
Those voices which to all but listening ears
Are silent, stands this ancient ruined house,
Made vocal once, for twice three hundred years
By echoing psalms and plaintive litanies.
Here have I oft in contemplation stood
And waited for some footfall to resound
Through the dim halls and empty spaces: these,
When the bat flits at eve, I thought should rouse
From those who worshipped once within these walls
Some whisper'd message through the olive trees,
Or from the vaults beneath the hollow ground.
Grass grows where monks did tread; anemones
And myrtle deck the courts, and maidenhair
Like some sweet child wreathing a garland fair,
Clings to the mouldering walls and crevices,
Clothing in green her parents' nakedness,
And making age in feebleness to smile.
Hither at noonday come and rest awhile,

Far from the world, and yet so near. These halls
Shall make the past a benediction : come,
And standing 'neath the cloisters' vaulted dome,
Or basking mid the lizards in the sun,
Watch the deep shadows slowly, slowly press
Upon the sunburnt weather-beaten stones
'Neath the tall Campanile tinged with gold.
Such times are to the mind a talisman,
For on thy heart ere yet the day is old,
Shall steal a mystery and a deep repose,
Like sweet remembrance of lands far away,
Sheep bleating in the meadows ; new mown hay ;
The scent at evening of an old moss rose
Wafted mid echoing of cathedral bells
Across an English landscape : everywhere
Deep peace, a soft-voiced Sybil weaving spells
To sanctify the past, and end all care.

CAPRI. *March* 30, 1910.

Song

O come again, sweet voices from the deep !
Why have ye fled away,
And left the day
So cold and colourless, so sad and gray
That I can scarcely weep ?
Your sister sleep,
Her hand beneath her cheek, awaits your call,
With luminous eyes, bright as a festival
In memory's garden, where
Mid constant transmutations, grief and care,
Thought and remembrance all grow free from pain ;
O come again !

Rome. *May*, 1910.

The Choice

So you would choose the sunsets and soft glows,
The rain-bespattered skies, the walnut trees
And soft-toned sunsets that our England knows,
The hollyhocks, the roses, and all these
Peaceful and patient flowers that so befit
A land, where peace for nigh two hundred years
Has thrown her veil of dreaming over it,
Making all sweet—not joys alone, but tears.
For it *is* dreaming, call it what you will,
This soft and pleasure-loving life of ours,
Where, after days so quiet, nights as still
Call us with lotos-calls adown the hours.
Late slumbering, we hie us to our work
When other lands can boast their own half o'er,
And what is ours at best? Mad thirst for gain,
Madder for pleasure, for we needs must shirk
The call of duty, discipline of pain,
Service of King and country. Ah! no more
Can patriot souls rejoice, but sadly mourn
To see a country of her soul bereft!
This is the England you so sadly left,
Whereunto I, as sadly, now return.
Sad though my England be, she must be great;
Large, hollow-eyed, but full of Motherhood,
Standing undaunted to confront her fate,

Surrounded by her children—such a brood
As mighty Rome or ancient Sparta knew;
True, though in quest of falsehood, yet still true.
And until that day comes; until I see
My country as I fain would have her be,
Give me some heath-clad island in the South,
Uprising in the blue Tyrrhenian sea,
Where the hot earth lies parchèd in her drouth,
And all about me sings of Italy.
A flat-roofed house, and white; a loggia
Where hang red cactus-pears upon a string,
A ruined court where little children are,
An orange grove, where nightingales do sing,
And, 'neath the burning sunlight of full noon,
A tall blue-headed aloe all ablaze
Against the green-black, gold and gentle grays
Of cypress, broom and olive, now, in June,
About a small half-ruined wayside shrine
Where sits Madonna with the Holy Child
All rose-engarlanded, and small hands twine
Wreaths while Bambino stretched his hands, and smiled
To see the lilies, rosemary and broom
That deck the steps beneath his Mother's feet,
While, far below, the ocean's ceaseless boom
Breaks with the billows on the strand. Ah! sweet,
Too sweet the vision for our sunless skies,
The north wind whistles round; the vision pales and dies!

APENNINES, BETWEEN FLORENCE AND BOLOGNA. *April*, 1910.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN

Se lamentar augelli

Petrarch.

WHERE singing birds lament, and woodlands green
Sway gently in the lucid summer air,
And the soft murmur of a limpid stream
Made music 'twixt its banks of maidenhair,
I writing sat, in grief and dull despair,
When lo! she came, whom earth can scarce conceal
But heaven revealed. I heard and saw her there,
Come from so far away my grief to heal.
"Alas!" she cried, the while she strove to hide
Her dimnèd eyes; "why should'st thou die so soon,
Or make thy tears a rivulet of woe?
Weep not for me, for when, long, long ago
I died, behold a country of full noon,
And as I closed mine eyes I oped them wide."

November, 1912.

Gli occhi di ch' io parlai si caldamente

XIIth Sonnet. Petrarch.

THOSE eyes whose praises I so oft rehearse,
And arms and hands and feet and gentle face
That made me diverse from myself in grace,
And separate from all the Universe ;
That yellow hair, more bright than beaten gold,
And eke that glance like to an angel's smile
Which made of earth a Paradise awhile,
Are but a little dust, sans sense and cold ;
And I yet live ; in grief and deep disdain,
Bereft of that great light which I did prize
Whether in fortune's might or hours of pain.
Now my poor song of love withers and dies ;
Dry is the fount from which my verse did flow,
And my lyre breaks in weeping and in woe.

CAPRI. *February* 9, 1912.

Quand io mi volgo indietro a mirar gli anni

XIIIth Sonnet. Petrarch.

When I beholding turn to watch the years
Which in their passing all my thoughts have spent,
And spent the fire which, eke with freezing blent,
Broke my repose o'ercome by doubts and fears,
Fled is my faith in love's oft claimed arrears,
And but two parts of all my goods remain;
One in high heav'n, and one on earth again,
And lost the guerdon of my pains and tears.
Then I awake to find myself so bare
That I do envy e'en the bitterest state,
Such fear and anguish o'er my soul do reign.
O my sweet star, O death, O fortune rare,
O day for ever sweet, yet full of pain,
Why have ye left me all too desolate?

Capri. *February* 10, 1912.

Vincenzio Monti on His Daughter's Portrait

The more I gaze, the more I wondering rave
At this fair canvas: see!
All my heart flies from me
With ever quickening pace
To talk with thee, to feel thy soft embrace.
Yet thy lips move not, but thine eyes
Follow with sweet surprise
My movements here, then there, as if to cry
"Father, how fair am I!"
"Yea, thou art fair," I answer, "and thy face
Is filled with such a sweetness, such a grace,
Thy gentle eye
Has such serenity,
That I must e'en perforce declare
This picture rare
To be so strangely, so divinely wrought
That in comparison
All else is nought.
Yet is there one more fair, and that I have,
And only one—
Thine image, sweet, unsung, unknown to art,
Which Love himself hath graven in my heart."

CANTI POPOLARI TOSCANI

Serenate

(Passo per questa via cercando fiori)

I passed along this pathway, seeking flowers,
To find there nought, alas! but ice and snow,
Until thy love-filled eyes did glance below,
And snared me like a bird in summer hours.
Now I, poor thrush, can never fly away
For thy fair beauty straight would charm me back,
And so this bird doth means of egress lack,
Imprisoned in thy loveliness for aye.

(O rosa delle rose, O rosa bella)

O rose of roses, little rose so fair,
For thy sweet sake I sleep not day nor night,
But ceaseless ponder o'er thy glances bright
And see thy gentle visage everywhere.
Unceasing I return to one sweet spot:
Think'st thou I'd leave thee? Oh, believe it not!

SERENATE

(Vengo di notte e vengo appassionato)

I come by night, for passion points the way,
I come by night whilst thou art fast asleep.
If I should wake thee, I should sin too deep,
Then I who cannot sleep, will watch till day.
If I should wake thee I should greatly sin,
Love sleeping not, yet craves for sleep within.

(Siamo venuti a far la 'nserenata)

We come, Signora, with a serenade;
Only for thy fair pleasure do we come.
Love, 'neath thy roof hath built himself a home
Upon the heart-strings of thy gentle maid.
If it should chance that she is fast asleep,
For her love's sake we pray thee her to wake.
Say that her lover doth sweet music make,
And her fair image in his heart doth keep.
Say that her lover passes on his way
With her fair face before him night and day.

Rispetti

(Che pena e che dolore è mai la mia)

What pains and what confusions now combine!
To have a tongue and be forbid to speak!
How eagerly my mistress do I seek,
But finding her, I may not call her mine.
When I salute her in my heart and thought
My bashful tongue has nothing left to say:
Adoring her in heart and mind alway
My tongue is silent and can utter nought.

(Io benedisco la mano al maestro)

I bless the man who built this palace gay
To stand for ever gazing on the street;
I bless the low-embowrèd casement seat
Whence I can watch thee passing on thy way.
And did I know before the certain hours
When thou should'st pass, I'd deck the sill with gold;
And were the hour of thy returning told,
I'd wreathe the casement all about with flowers.

(E non son degno già che degno sia)

I am by nature born so low and base,
While not the worthiest e'er could worthy prove.
Yet make me worthy with thy greater love,
And add unto my worthlessness thy grace.
With thy rich merit succour my distress,
And love me, lady, of thy gentleness.

(QUANDO TU PASSI DALLA CASA MIA)

Love, when you pass before my garden gate
I seem to mark the passing of the sun;
The ways you tread illumined, every one,
By the great glory of your passing state.
Ah! but the light of which you stand possess't
Is nought beside my ever-glowing flame,
That shall till death, and after, burn the same,
When thou, my sun, art sunk beneath the West.

(FACCIAM LA PACE, CARO BENE MIO)

Let us make peace, my dearest one, for war
Can never last betwixt such hearts as ours;
Wilt thou not point the way, and go before?
Then will I do it: and will count the hours
Till thou shalt pardon. Princes and the great
Make peace, and so may all true lovers do;
If kings and soldiers make a truce, for you
And me the time can never be too late.
Princes and lords the rights of peace can claim,
May not two happy hearts e'en do the same?

(AMOR CHE PASSI LA NOTTE CANTANDO)

O love who passest singing through the night
While I within my chamber vigil keep,
I turn me to my Mother and I weep,
For tears that are my heart's-blood blind my sight.
And from mine eyes a flowing stream doth wind,
And hideth from my sight the light of day:

A stream that floweth ceaselessly alway,
And with such weeping I am stricken blind.

(E TANTO TEMPO CH' ERAVAMO MUTI)

Ah me! our lips were silent many days
But now again they open in sweet talk;
For Angels from high heaven did downwards walk
And left sweet peace to fill our hearts always.
Downwards did come God's Angels from above
And planted peace within my happy heart,
That thou and I from peace should ne'er depart
But imitate the Angels up above.

(POTESSI DIVENTARE UN UCCELLINO)

I would I might become a little bird
With wings outspread, and having power to fly;
I'd wing my way unto the garden, nigh
Whereto thy singing at thy work is heard.
I would fly round and round thee all the day,
And rest beside thee day and night alway.

(MORTE, VIEN' QUÌ PER ME QUANDO TI CHIAMO)

O death, come thou and take me when I call,
Too sadly do I pass the weary days!
They say I love thee if I lift my gaze,
If I look down, they pity me withal.
Thou lift'st thine eyes my saddened heart to cheer,
I drop mine own for fear I thee should see;
Thou lift'st thy gentle eyes to comfort me,
I drop mine own and wish that death were near.

(O VISO BIANCO QUANTO LA FARINA)

O face than flour more white, what graciousness
Did deign to fashion thee so wondrous fair?
Where'er thou tread'st, inclines the gentle air,
And all the stars do waft thee a caress.
Where thou dost pass, the very air is still
And hails thee as the garden's fairest flower;
The breeze sinks to a whisper in the hour
When thou, my star, dost all the garden fill.

(QUANDO PASSI DA QUÌ, PASSACI ONESTA)

When thou dost pass, order thy mien as one
Loth to reveal too clearly her great love.
Bend thou thy gentle head, and I will move
Mine, to return thy salutation.
The Feast of Ognissanti doth draw near
And with it our own festa too shall come,
When all the Saints shall lead thee to my home
Upon their Feast-day; would that it were here!

(GIOVANETTINO DA QUE' BE' CAPELLI)

Touch not, oh youth, those beauteous locks of hair,
But leave them loose, nor bind the skeins at all!
Down o'er thy shoulders let them gently fall;
Methinks that threads of gold are hanging there;
Fine threads of gold and twisted silk withal!
Fair are the locks, as he that bears them, fair.
Dishevelled golden locks fall everywhere,
But fairer is the head from whence they fall.

TO MY ELIZABETHAN
MISTRESS

I. Daphne

When I perceive afar my mistress walking
  In camlet white and softest lawn arrayed,
E'en the wide-antler'd deer, so proudly stalking
  Must yield precedence to her in the glade,
And my heart wonders through the happy hours,
Whether the flowers her more adorn, or she the flowers.

And when I nearer come, and see that snow
  Beside her bosom's sheen is no more white,
And mark her colour gently come and go,
  And her dark lustrous orbs, so wondrous bright;
Night in her eyes, and summer in her hair,
I ask: "Is God's bright sun, or she herself more fair?"

But when her lips are parted in a smile,
  And her breath comes like roses from the South,
And all the little Cupids play the while
  Around the gracious corners of her mouth,
As I adore her then, my wondering mind
Perceives as in a glass, how God Himself is kind.

April, 1909.

II. Aurora

FAIR lay my love within her scented bower,
  Her eyes 'neath sleep-filled lids were shyly peeping;
Cupid himself in that ambrosial hour
  Upon her gentle breast lay still a-sleeping.
The very earth was scarce awake: the deep
Lay like a softly-breathing child, asleep.

No little warbler yet had stirred, but quiet
  Lay each small feathered head beneath its wing.
No morning breeze had yet begun to riot,
  Or flout the tender blossoms of the Spring,
Till the sweet rose her dew-drenched head did shake,
And the bright tulip yawned herself awake.

Now in the East the golden sun doth rise,
  To set the landscape in a frame of gold,
And wake the light within my mistress' eyes,
  Before whose glance his brightest beams grow cold;
Thus, shamèd by a maid, the monarch proud
Hides all his vanquish'd beams behind a cloud.

And now my mistress stirs upon her bed,
  Her golden head towards the window turning;
Stretches her limbs, and parts her lips so red
  The which to kiss each busy bee is burning,
Then rubs her eyes, her pretty ringlets shakes,
And all the mighty Universe awakes!

April, 1909.

III. The True Lover's Lament

WEEP not, ye leaves, your drops of pearly dew
  Because my only love hath proved unkind!
  Ye cannot change the hardness of her mind;
Saw she your tears, she would but mock at you.
She is more proud, more thoughtless far
Than all the maids in Venus' garden are.

Sigh not, ye winds! Waste not your gentle breath
  To soften Delia's heart, 'twere wasted time.
  Oft have I striven in music and in rhyme;
Her heart is cold; cold as the clasp of Death!
And mine awakes all stript and nude,
Bereft of love and hope and gratitude.

And ye, ye birds that twitter in the shade
  A song of hapless lovers all forlorn,
  Chanting your dirge unto the listening Faun
Who hides among the brackens in the glade,
Cease your complaint; my faithless love
Unfaithful would abide tho' all else faithful prove.

November, 1912.

IV. Gloriana

Down towards his bed did sink the golden sun,
  The little clouds did flit from out the West
Like children playing when their tasks are done,
  When my sweet love, bearing upon her breast
A sheaf of lilies, wandered down the glade
With all her faultless charms unto mine eyes displayed.

A thousand birds from out the leafy shade
  Did trill their greeting from the bosky wood;
Around her feet the rabbits peeped and played,
  Amazed to see such perfect womanhood.
The feeding deer their heads did upward cast
And gazed on her in wonder as she passed.

Piercing the clouds, the sun did shoot his rays
  To feed upon her beauty for awhile;
The gentle breeze around her tresses plays
  And revels in the dimples of her smile.
The very flowers did seem to think it sweet
To die beneath the pressure of her feet.

And what can I, poor mortal, vainly dare,
  But kneel me humbly down before her throne,
Worship her loveliness beyond compare,
  And homage pay to her, and her alone;
Asking the sun, the flowers, the clouds, the wind,
"Will she be merciful, or will she prove unkind?"

December, 1912.

V. Dark Lour the Heavens above Me

DARK lour the heavens above me
  And veiled is Charles's Wain !
I shall have none to love me
  Till she return again,
My rose of roses tender !
    Send, O send her,
  Ye fates, to me again !

Here as I sadly ponder,
  Where mighty Ocean laves
The shores whereon I wander
  With lapping of his waves,
Grows my heart ever fonder !
    " Fonder, fonder ! "
  Re-echoes from hid caves.

Ye gulls so swiftly flying
  Above the vasty deep,
See now, the day is dying,
  Shades o'er the ocean creep.
O listen to my sighing,
    Sighing, crying,
  Sing me to sleep !

I see ye not, but hear ye
  Chanting your sad lament,
For shadows dark and eerie
  Have veiled the firmament.
And oh, my heart is weary,
    Weary, weary,
  And gone is my content.

December, 1912.

VI. Rage, Tempests, Rage

RAGE, tempests, rage!
Alas! the spotted page
Of all my woe
Moves me not so
That ye should scorn to wreck my heritage!

Come storm, come wrack,
Ye cannot summon back
The passèd years,
Nor dry the tears
That mourn the one I lack!

Her face, her hair,
The scent that nestled there,
Her eyes of gray,
Are now beneath the sod,
Her soul, the guest of God,
Far, far away.

O sweet, too sweet to be,
O eyes, the eyes of me,
O wondrous mind,
Too wise, too kind,
Where shall I find thee in Eternity?

December, 1912.

VII. To My Ladye

Lady, if your sweet heart should e'er remember
  The nights and days and all the blissful hours
From rose-embowrèd June to chill December
  When we together dwelt in Cupid's bowers,
Ah! surely gentle Nature's mighty powers
  That do transmute our thoughts within the mind,
Making remembrance one long path of flowers,
  Would touch your soul and teach you to be kind!

O sweet the eyes that shone on me with gladness,
  And sweet the mouth that swore to vows so true,
And sweet the lips that smiled away my sadness—
  Aye, sweet indeed, were every part of you.
O come, dear nymph, thy Corydon will strew
  Thy bed with rosebuds and with lilies white!
We will begin our halcyon days anew
  When thy dark eyes shine on me thro' the night.

January, 1913.

MISCELLANEOUS

Iter Tenebricosum

ROUGH though the way, and steep the mountain track,
He looks not back
Who dares to tread the weary path alone,
The sunlight gone;
Onward and upward through the gathering night,
Till out of sight.

Soon breaks the day, and he must needs arise,
For summer skies
Are lighted with the golden touch of dawn,
When Love is born.
Though cold the mist, the summit seen at last,
He meets the blast
With head erect; for though in shadow still,
His heart stands in the sunshine on the hill.

February, 1909.

England

LITTLE sea-girt cloudy land
  Where the sun so seldom shines,
Thy shore is no Italian strand,
  Thou hast no olive groves or vines,
Yet are thy landscapes sweeter far
Than other countries' gardens are.

In thy woods and narrow vales
  Not many nightingales lament;
Amid thy groves no firefly sails
  In light beneath the firmament;
With thee the days are cold and gray:
Thou work'st, not dream'st thy life away.

Yet art thou grander than they all;
  Sweeter than sweet Italian skies:
Upon thy shoulders hangs the pall
  Of mighty Rome. In others' eyes
Hellas may claim the palm. What then?
When she bred beauty, thou wast breeding men.

Now thy testing day has come,
  Foemen thunder at the gate;
Thou can'st hear the rolling drum,
  Thou can'st hear the hymn of hate.
Lifting thy salt-drench'd head from out the sea,
Thou laugh'st and criest: "Come and conquer me!'

Little land amid the sea,
  Mighty, though so very small,
We will never live to see
  Huns defile thy festival.
Our life, our death, are pledged that thou
May'st live inviolate as thou dost now.

1915.

Vivat Rex

Far off on Afric's burning plains
  A troop rode fast and well,
To free a land, to burst the chains
  Forged by the Infidel.
And as, by night, they sought repose
  A desert well beside,
They filled their cups, and ere they drank,
  Each to his comrade cried,
    "The King! God bless him!"

A crowd of men, some out of work
  With mouths to feed at home,
(Ah! shame that Englishmen should starve
  To bid the alien come!)
And on a bench a demagogue
  Urging the angry throng
To do the deeds he dare not do,
  While battening on their wrong;
When suddenly across the Park
  Drums beat, and clarions ring;
All heads are bared, all voices raised
  In prayer: "God save the King!
    The King! God bless him!"

A score of lumbermen at eve
  In far Saskatchewan,
Canadians, Welshmen, English, Scots,
  But Britons every man.
Strangers they were, and vainly sought
  For one familiar face,
Till suddenly one echo wrought
  The consciousness of Race!
    "The King! God bless him!"

An English mess-room: young men all;
  'Tis good to look around
On stalwart limbs and honest eyes,
  True hearts, to hear the sound
Of English voices making e'en
  The roof with laughter ring;
Until mid silence rising, one
  Cried, "Gentlemen, the King!"
    "The King! God bless him!"

And we, when head and heart are sick
  At things both said and done,
By demagogues who seek to split
  Hearts that should beat as one,
When Whips cry "Party, Party first,"
  We'll answer: "No such thing!
To hell with all your Parliaments!
  The King! God save the King!
    The King! God bless him!"

HADHAM. *July* 12, 1910.

To M——

When you stray in the garden at morn,
Bright as the day;
When you touch with a gentle caress
Lily and rose,
Sinks a repose
Over Nature, a delicateness
Broods o'er each spray,
O'er bryony, myrtle and thorn.

When you slumber at eve, and the west
Rosily dies;
And your breath comes, a whisper of love
Tenderly wrought,
Melodies caught
Up to the planets above
Like incense arise
Soothing the weary to rest.

When you stir at the break of the day,
Waken'd from sleep,
Stretching your limbs, as a rose
Unfolds to the sun,
By two and by one

TO M——

Birds quit their feather'd repose,
Murmurs the deep,
Kissed by the breeze in the bay.

But when you open your heart
Loved ones to greet;
Stand with your soul on your lips
Ready to sing,
Everything
Pauses in silence, and sips
Melodies sweet
Spun by your magical art.

Come to me, singer of songs
Joyous or sad;
Come ere the delicate morn
Brightens to day.
Come, come away,
Daughter of melody born,
Making all glad,
Righting all rudeness and wrongs.

May 18, 1914.

A Silver Wedding

O come unto the woods, and I will twine
Sweet eglantine
About thy royal head and silvery hair,
O thou most fair,
Sweeter than sweetest maiden at eighteen,
For thou hast been
As fair as e'en the fairest, on that day
In happy May
When coming, I cast roses at thy feet,
And thou, most sweet,
Didst spurn them not, but sealing all my bliss
With that first kiss,
Acceptedst them, and me
Thy servitor to be.
And now, the maiden bloom upon thy face,
Thy sweet youth's grace,
The deer-like movement of thy springing tread,
If these be dead,
If slowlier now thou movest, statelier far
Thy gracious movements are ;
While on thy face, charms which thou didst but share
With many a fair,
Night on soft tresses lit by starry eyes,
And quick surprise
Of ever-changing feature—sunny smiles,
And April clouds meanwhiles—
Have melted to a peaceful summer-time
Like scent of thyme

Wafted across some happy August fields
When noontide yields
To gentle evening, and the golden sun,
His race half run,
Warms but not scorches all the gladsome earth,
And birds, their mirth
Silenced by heated noonday, now renew,
Whilst the cold dew
Wreathèd around the gentle land sun-kissed,
Spreads a soft mist
Shrouding her beauteous limbs erstwhiles laid bare
To the sun's glare.
So dost thou shed around thee, O most dear,
An atmosphere
Not strange indeed, but one that's all thine own;
For not alone
On him, thine other self, nor yet on those,
Lily and Rose,
Full meet to bud and blossom on thy stem,
Forming a diadem
Around thy royal brows; but e'en as well
On those who round thee dwell,
Thou layest thy spell.
The throbbing pulse is quiet 'neath thy hand
As thou dost stand
At the sick bed; the restless spirit wild,
Like a soothed child,
Lies silent at the sounding of thy voice,
And the rude noise

And half-repeated gibe before thy smile
Are mute awhile.
Thus may we stand together, thou and I,
While the hours fly,
And watch the evening shadows slowly fall
On us, and all,
Till breaks the Sun of suns on summer skies,
And I, in strained surprise,
Amid the shadows groping, see the light
Reflected in the shining of thine eyes.

Fleurs de la Pensée

If I should die, think not that I have nought
Of thine to carry with me on my way;
That what you gave is dead; but rather say:
"The flowers which from the garden of my thought
He plucked, and kissed, and mirrored once in rhyme,
To keep their perfume for a summer-time
Beyond unseen horizons, hath he ta'en,
Safe in his keeping, to a sunnier clime,

"That, after passing through the trackless ways
Of that dark uninhabitable land,
Onward and upward, clasping in his hand
Those self-same flowers he gathered in the days
When he could read my thoughts as in a book,
He may re-plant them in some cloister'd nook
Where their sweet scent of earth shall not defile,
And God perchance, may look on them, and smile."

Princess Elizabeth

(*Obiit* 19*th September*, 1650)

She reck'd not of the bitter civil strife,
Of the cant cries, and cruel wars' alarms,
The fierceness of a Nation's spring to arms,
And the mad thirst of slaying, life for life.
She feared not death, nor did she deem it strange
That they who, early trained to serve their God,
Follow His steps, and tread where He had trod,
Should suffer persecution ; thus she saw
Unmoved, the stately King, her high-souled sire
Walk to His death, as to a pageant rare,
Nor felt her courage fail, nor knew despair,
For deep within her burned the sacred fire
Of Faith, and though her weakness ope'd the door
To fell disease, her soul, strong to the last,
Grew stronger, as her earthly frame grew weak.
'Twas thus, one morn, they found her, with her cheek
Laid on her open Bible—thus she passed
To changeless beauty from a world of change.

November in London

The rain falls pitiless from the leaden sky,
The streets are dank and foul, the dripping trees
Shaking their smoke-patch'd heads beneath the breeze,
Bedeck the faces of those passing by
With soot-dimmed drops fall'n from their imagery—
God's gifts besmirched by man—the gentle rain
Limpid and clear, and pure as driven snow,
Made foul ere yet it touches earth, to go
And swell a fouler stream—the river at the flow.

What is't to you and me? Now and again,
Clad in our warmest coats, well fed, well shod,
We thank our stars, or render thanks to God
If we are pious, that our house is free
From draughts and cold, and all discomfort. *We*
Can face the weather, scorn the icy rain,
No nincompoops to stay indoors! In vain
Surges the blast round our trim motor-car
As we sit snug, and feel how masculine we are!

Mark now, those figures shivering by the rails
And huddled all together, double bent

By sickness, vice, misfortune! We're content!
The race is to the strong, and he who fails
Reaps doubtless but his sowing, and no more,
No less: it is the rule of life, the way
Of Nature: God's way perchance you say!
Hypocrite! What hast thou that thou did'st not before
Freely receive from Him thou claimest to adore?

That man erect among the throng there, see!
He's a fine figure though his face is wan!
He rode with the 21st at Omdurman,
He charged at Elandslaagte, and while we,
Snug in our chairs discussed the latest crop
Of lies and rumours that made up the pith
O' the papers, he lay parched on Spion Kop,
Or with Dundonald rode to Ladysmith,
Risking for you and me his life and limb therewith.

What have we done for him? Perchance refus'd
A berth he asked for at the Post Office; a place
As porter at the House, or Downing Street; the grace
Of serving as a tried and much abused
Policeman, so that some smug cit might say—
Some sybarite on five and forty bob
A week—"No bloomin' soldier snatch'd his job!"
So runs a race to ruin! In a day
Tides turn, lights fail, and Empires fade away.

O England, raise thine eyes from off thy greed
Of gain, and gaze towards the threatening East.

There breaks the cloud, then when thou thinkest least,
Thence come thy foes to humble thee, a breed
Trained in the ways of manliness, to fight
For Kaiser and for country, who would scorn
To let a brother bear their burden, drawn
From ranks of busy workers—'tis their right
To stand beneath the Flag and swell their country's
might.

God as He pleases gives, and takes away
From Churches, Monarchs, Peoples. When He doth
"His will be done," for giving, taking, both
Lie in His hand. Aye, but what if to-day
A gift He has not taken back, a page
In history, an Empire and a Name
Lie charg'd to our account? Shall He not claim
A strict return for our too ample wage,
A rendering up complete of our vast heritage?

Where is thy brother Abel? At the mart
Of the world's greatest city thou dost sit,
And heap'st together by thy ready wit
Thy countless millions. Where is then his part?
"He doth not work," thou sayest? "His health is weak!"
He hides among the hovels in the slums,
Or shambles bootless seeking for the crumbs
That fall from thy rich table! He doth sneak
Down by the river, waiting for the morn to break!

What hast thou done for him? Is this thy cry,
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Is he not

An Englishman as thou art? Shall his lot
Be meaner for his English ancestry
Than those plump citizens from some foreign shore
Who taught thee greed of gold? His fathers fought
At Plassy, Waterloo, at Agincourt
Perchance, while thine with fast closed door
Sat in their counting-house and added store to store.

A Nation is one family; the weak
Infect the strong; the sick the healthy; when
One member suffers, every citizen
Suffers by sympathy, for nought can break
The bands of God which each to other bind;
Not Satan can do that! If England live,
She lives to wage a war where all must strive,
All must prevail. Thy brother there behind
With thee must seek the goal, or thou shalt never find.

O shame that men should work to get the gold
Which thou dost spend, unless thou spend'st thyself!
Life-service is but half repaid in pelf
To those who, serving England, waxen old.
What dost thou do then for thy country's needs?
Can'st thou defend her? Will Battalions move
To victory at thy word? Hath thy great love
Taught thee the Doctor's lore? Sow'st thou the seeds
Of Christ among the poor? Dost gather up the weeds?

If thou dost none of these, why then in truth
Thou art no Englishman! Our Fathers lived

And worked among their people. They derived
No more than they returned. The maid, the youth,
Found service, guidance, counsel at their hand ;
The aged food and care. Quit then, for aye
The plutocratic West : thy chivalry
And all thy forbears call thee ; thou shalt stand
Amid a host of heroes waiting God's command.

Then in the full-told complement of Time
When the great Lord of Destiny shall call,
And England hails her mighty dead from all
The corners of the earth, from every clime
And country, thou may'st humbly take thy stand
There at the great Assize, and hear His cry :
" For Me thou workedst of thy charity."
So thou may'st gain an entry to that Land
To which thy brother lost shall lead thee by the hand.

LONDON. *November*, 1910.

To a Child

Little daisies close their eyes
  When the dew begins to fall,
When the daylight quits the skies
  And the darkness covers all.
Little daisies close their eyes
When the daylight quits the skies.

Little birdies on the bough,
  Heads tuck'd snugly 'neath the wing,
Rest in peaceful slumber now,
  Dreaming songs they used to sing.
Little birdies on the bough
Rest in peaceful slumber now.

Little lambs within the fold,
  Till the rays of morning light
Warmly sheltered from the cold,
  Softly slumber all the night.
Little lambs within the fold
Warmly sheltered from the cold.

Little babes must close their eyes
  For the hour is growing late,
And the light of heaven dies
  While the fire burns in the grate.
Little babes must close their eyes
Ere the light of heaven dies.

For the tender Shepherd, He
  Ceaseless watches day and night
Folded lambs and birdies wee,
  Golden heads on pillows white.
Christ, the tender Shepherd, He
Watches all continually.

Comes the day when all our eyes—
  Father, mother, sister dear—
Close at last in weary wise
  Never more to open here.
Then, Lord Jesu, may our eyes
Open wide in Paradise.

"All equal are within the Church's Gate"

George Herbert.

The Lady

"HARK! I hear the matin bell
Echoing over moor and fell,
Calling all, both rich and poor
To enter through the old church door.

"Won't you come along with me,
And join in prayer and psalmody?
Holy Church is poor man's home;
Come, ye tramps and wanderers, come!

"What? You never enter now?
I *am* shocked! Pray, tell me how
You can hope for heavenly home
If to God's Church you never come?"

The Soldier

"'Tis a long time since I heard,
Lady, such a kindly word;
Makes me feel, I know not how,
I will come to service *now*.

"I mind me in the old Brigade
The weekly call for Church Parade;
When Captings, sergeants, high and low,
Recruities and the old C.O.,

"Marched together to the church,
Where the parson from his perch,
Told us all to stand and praise
Gawd who kept us all our days.

"'For when,' ses 'E, 'Gawd came on earth,
He dwelt with men of 'umble birth,
And loved the homes where children are
And laboured as a carpenter.'

"But now my soldierin' days is done,
And I goes trampin' all alone,
For, bless your heart, the great B.P.
Never takes no count o' we!

"Once I 'ad an 'appy 'ome,
Wife and child, who used to come
To meet us every night, when we
Come off work at the factory.

"Doors are closed now—Gov'nor's bust;
All the m'chinery gone to rust;
Winders gaping, doors decayed,—
All the blessin' of Free Trade!

"My gal and the kid? Ah, Gawd!
They lie both beneath one sod.
All I loved is lost and gone
And I go wanderin' all alone.

"Let's to church then, by your leave,—
Don't yer mind my ragged sleeve,
Soldier, lady, Yorkshire tyke—
Gawd's Gawd of rich and pore alike!"

The Lady

"Stop, man, stop! What *are* you at?
You can't go into church like that!
Rich Christians would be shocked; oh, fie,
You must be dressed respectably.

"All Church-goers, as you see,
Dress in silk and satinry,
And the men in decent black,
All these needful things you lack."

The Soldier

"Lady, let alone! I see
Church is not for such as me.
I must not enter Heaven's gate,
I'm just a bloomin' reprobate."

HADHAM. *August*, 1910.

England

Like little clouds in early autumn driven
  From some sweet-scented island of the west,
The years pass by and leave a scent of Heaven
  On work accomplished and on service blest,
        As evening rest
Falls on the weary earth when the hot sun
Sinks in the ocean, and the day is done.

Thus to our land the years shall bring remembrance
  Of those past times when she could greatly do,
If but her features keep the great resemblance,
  If England only, and her sons be true;
        And men shall strew
Garlands about her path, if only she
Stand to preserve the right, defend the free.

Not yet comes rest, not yet for us the sharing
  In victory won, not yet our testing day.
While all around the battle is preparing,
  We needs must gird us for the coming fray,
        Aye, and must pray,
Nor losing that for which our fathers bled,
Reject the corn to choose the husks instead.

Vain is the mad pursuit of pleasure, vainer
  And viler all self-seeking, lust for gold,
Games, where the loser oft shall prove the gainer,
  Where purchased fame may mean an England sold.
        Rise as of old,
Ye sons of England ! It were surely shame
To sell your glorious birthright for a game !

CAPRI. *April*, 1910.

To a Thrush

Sing out, thou brown, thou gentle bird,
  Full-throated harbinger of Spring,
Ah! surely, surely hast thou heard
  Some Angel-song re-echoing,
For e'en the coldest heart is stirred
  To hear thee sing!

Sing of the long, long vanish'd years
  When God made all without alloy,
When the sun lit a world where fears,
  Where death, and all that doth destroy
Were not; and seraphs from the spheres
  Did shout for joy.

Sing of the childhood of the earth,
  The Hellas-country of the free,
Where gold did count for nought, but worth
  And love and fame and liberty,
And birds of more than mortal birth
  Did sing—like thee.

Sing of the fairy-land I love,
  Far down the blue Tyrrhenian shore,
Where cypress dark, and olive grove
  And flowers that blossom evermore
Do deck the path where'er I move,
  And no seas roar.

Sing human love, and marriage bells,
  And the sweet mating-time of May ;
Sing of the Spring-time that foretells
  New birth from death, and life for aye,
And we, enchanted by thy spells,
  Will kneel and pray.

And sing at last that magic day
  Beyond the mountains of the West,
When hate and scorn shall pass away,
  And jealousy and all the rest,
And men shall work in peace, and say :
  "To serve is best."

February 18, 1912.

Semper Fidelis

Soon cometh night;
All striving o'er,
All wanderings on a desolate shore
In the lost footsteps of those gone before
Into the Light.

Soon cometh sleep;
The fighting done,
The yet uncertain victory won,
The ending of the conflict scarce begun;
Soon cometh sleep.

Soon cometh rest,
And weary limbs and brain
That ached but yesterday, and ache again
To-day, shall quite forget all pain
Upon Love's breast.

Then shall thy breath
Just flicker out
And vanish; but thou fearless, scorning doubt,
Whate'er the problem, face it with a shout,
"True unto Death," and that which Death works out,
The after Death.

October, 1910.

To M—— on Her Birthday

The sun has sunk behind yon heath-clad hills,
And I stand pensive by the restless sea,
Restless yet ever soothing, as it fills
Mine ears with never ceasing minstrelsy.
What lack I then, but thee?
Most dear after my dearest, and most sweet
After my sweetest?
Thus, as I stand alone
And ponder in the twilight, softer grown
By thought of thy brown eyes
And look of quick surprise,
To thee my very dear,
On this, the vigil of thy new-born year
I write, and lay these verses at thy feet.

Dark grows the sky;
By now the fireflies play
Amid the trees in far Fiesole;
Would we were nigh!
Or wandering up the vale of Tusculum
Amid the hum
And murmur of a thousand hidden things
That now have closed their wings,

Nodding their tiny heads in slumber sweet
Beneath our feet,
Could hear the deep-drawn passionate note
From many a throat
Of countless nightingales from tree to tree
In Mondragone or Camaldoli !

And thou ! Thou lov'st the city, and the cry
And bustle of the street;
The myriad feet
Hastening they know not whither, know not why,
In ever restless energy, pursuing
The accursèd search for gold,
Mankind's undoing
From that far distant morning of the earth,
When first she came to birth,
Until the hour when, shrunk and cold,
Like some ice-prison'd and deserted ship
Beneath the glacier-grip
Of a perpetual winter, she shall die
Ere yet grown old.

Call'st thou this life ?
The constant unforgiving strife
Of man with man, woman with woman, until
The very thought of competition worketh ill,
And thus becomes a fetish ?
Call'st thou this Living ? Nay, 'tis Death,
The fever-heated breath
Of fell disease.

When these things please,
Then comes the Hell of Hells !
Living is loving, and the blessing dwells
More in the lover than the loved ; for love
Is a possession, and gives forth
Far less than it receives.

Thou know'st that worth,
Thou who hast shed from birth,
On parent, sister, friend,
Love without end.
Haste then, and come : for love doth call thy love
Nor sadly grieve
To leave the haunts of men. In yonder grove,
Her force unspent,
A young thrush, singing to the Firmament
Fills all the air
With the epitome of music !
Why, why art thou not there !
O come and listen to her song, as she
Garlands the woods with perfect melody.

LOOE. *March* 14, 1914.

In Coquetdale

HENCE, dreary sadness, to thy stygian throne!
O thou uncall'd and most unwelcome guest
To break upon our calm, and violate
With thoughts unmeet for our high destiny
This paradise of peace, this home of rest.
Call'd to a lofty aim and purpose high,
In terms so clear, yet ever unexpressed,
Borne in upon the mind in hours of fate
As on some lonely hill-top, where the sheep
Feed busy in the heather, 'mid the drone
And sleep-begetting hum of honey bees,
Or 'neath the shadow of the whispering trees
We stand, resolved we'll to our purpose keep,
E'en should we fail—not vegetate as these.

Why dost thou mock our manhood? Thou would'st fain
Track all our aspirations to the skies,
And sowing poisonous seeds within the mind
Ruined, bring crashing down to earth again
Our purposes, resolves, our destinies!
Where is there in the universe so blind,

So false a guide as thou? There's less of ill
To follow e'en the shadows to the end,
True in the quest of falsehood, but still true,
Than halting, see the light, but doubt it, still
Truth owning, to betray her with a kiss,
Weighing and pausing when 'tis time to *do*;
For they who seek shall find, e'en tho' they seek amiss,
But they who seek not ne'er shall apprehend.

Yet what is man? Moves he the mighty spheres,
Co-partner with the ages and their king,
Lord of his fate, and heir of all the years,
Or sits he like a fly upon the wheel,
In space but one small atom, balancing
His weight amid opposing forces? Nay,
The moved and not the mover, for behind
And through and o'er his vaulted purposes
Standeth the Will? Yet shall he dare to bind
All circumstance to one great ending: yes,
Bind things, howe'er uncouth, with bonds of steel,
Strong bonds of that which passeth not away.
Great objects, strong resolve, and purpose high
Shall consecrate his work and mould his destiny.

HEPPLE. *June*, 1909.

Swift Flew the Years

Swift flew the years, and swifter yet the days
When thou wast kind;
And now, methinks, amid these dusty ways,
Something has brought to mind
The countless times when, through the tangled maze
You saw, while I was blind.

Times when the path in deepest shadow lay,
Or darker night;
When faith did abdicate, hope fade away,
Till you brought back the light,
And courage to endure and face the fray,
And vanquish in the fight.

'Tis gone; 'tis ended! They return no more
From out the past,
Those visions from a far, eternal shore,
Too fair, too bright to last.
Thou, too, art gone, with all the precious store
Of what thou did'st, and wast.

So be it! I'll put boldly out to sea
Across the bar!
Then 'neath the sunset shall our future be,
Not here, where dead things are,
But there, where in God's light I shall find *thee*,
And hail thee from afar.

Hadham. *January* 24, 1912.

Losing

It is not only that I fain would be
There, where you dwell,
Nor that my heart doth ache your face to see,
Mine ears to hear you tell
That oft-told love-tale, while your dewy eyes
Met mine in sweet surprise;
It is not only that!

It is not only that I fain would feel
Upon my brow
Once more the magic of thy breath, to heal
And calm my sad heart now;
Nor that my spirit durst not e'en complain
That thou comest not again;
It is not only that!

It is not e'en the madness of despair
When my embrace
Closing to grasp thee, finds but empty air,
Though memories of thy face
Sleeping and waking haunt my weary gaze
Through all the nights and days;
It is not only that!

But 'tis the thought that, while I had thee near,
So near to me,
And might have made thy days of sojourn here
An earthly heaven to thee,
I noted not thy soul's celestial birth,
Thy more than priceless worth,
Forgetting that lost hours come ne'er again;
That is my pain.

April 27, 1911.

An Anniversary

To S. E. H.

The days pass by,
And carry on their wings
Remembrances of things
Far, far away, and nigh ;
The Anniversary
Of love, of wedding bells, of birth,
And of that thing of more than mortal worth,
Death ;
The yielding up of breath,
The opening of the eyes
To all that now deep hidden lies
Behind the dim phenomena
Whose seemings are
A promise, not revealing, of hid Truth,
But which we men, in sooth
Too apt to take as Truth itself, confuse
Therewith, and thus confound
The outward with the inward. But to-day,
Here as I gaze around,
And gently muse

On the bright promise of this summer's morn
While love is born,
I see not death, but life;
Life and its partner, love;
Life, which thyself shalt prove
As Daughter, Mother, Wife;
And wish thee now, on this thy natal day,
When Earth first on thee smiled,
All blessings both to husband, home and child.
To husband, for he stands to thee
In all authority,
As Christ unto the Church; to home,
Whence all good blessings come,
Which, truth to tell,
Is each man's Heaven or Hell;
And lastly, to the children which are thine,
And yet not thine alone, but England's too;
Sons to maintain her honour in the day
Of strife, when old things pass away
Yielding their place to new,
And the young dawn, breaking o'er sea and sky,
Shall find her true to her high destiny.

HADHAM. *August* 21, 1911.

Den leichten Tag gesucht, und in der Dämmerung schwer,
Mit Lust nach Wahrheit jämmerlich geirret.

Faust.

WHERE are thou, O sweet music of delight
That did'st entrance my spirit in the dawn,
Making too short the day-time and too bright
The happy hours that hastened to the morn?
Now all forlorn
I stand amid the driftwood of the years,
And joys and fears,
Hopes, sorrows, memories, all priceless things
That give to life its fragrance, and its wings
Unto the soul, have faded to faint gray,
Their colour past away,
Leaving me nought but sad imaginings.

Why have the fields no colour, and the flowers
No fragrance any more, nor song of bird
Alone amid the silent woodland heard,
His first awakening matins carolling
Some morn in spring,
Wake any rèspond down the dreary hours?
Must then, the powers
That do transmute these gifts within the mind
Clasping all precious things, to leave behind

The dross, fade all so soon away,
Leaving all gray
And me amid the dimness semi-blind?

Great tho' the gift that all mankind receive
From Him, the Logos, the Creator, God,
It hath no self-existence, for believe
Or doubt it as you will, that this dull clod
Of earth, this sod
Which we call body, instinct with the light
And radiance bright
Of Him Who there is immanent, is aught
But a slow moving vehicle of thought,
That creaking onwards, scarce the goal attains;
A window through whose panes
The light may shine, but shining not, is nought.

Hark! through the silence sounds the Vesper bell!
Now millions sing their Ave to the Maid;
From some hid convent in yon peaceful dell
Nestling beneath the spreading chestnuts' shade,
Rings undismay'd
That ancient call to prayer. Ah! faith undimmed,
True picture limned
Of the unpictured, man may come, and gaze,
And wonder, in the dark and dreary days
When Nature's voices answer nought to him
And earthly beauty fades, and sight is dim,
And footsteps stray in unfamiliar ways.

CORPO DI CAVA. *May*, 1912.

"Close Not So Soon"

Close not so soon,
Ye tender flowers,
Not many hours have past since burning noon!
Are ye beguilèd by this autumn moon
That shews so pale 'neath a September sun?
Daytime's not done
In evening hours;
O close not yet, ye flowers!

O close not yet
Ye daisies all,
Ye tiny pink-eyed dancers of the green!
No owlet yet doth hoot; no bats are seen,
And from the close-thatched shadows of the eaves,
And 'neath the leaves
No crickets call;
O, close not, daisies all!

And close not ye,
Ye starlike eyes,
Eyes that were made for sunshine and for love,
Sweet pictures of the little stars above,

That twinkle to the sounding of the spheres !
Mid smiles and tears
My spirit cries
" Close not, ye starlike eyes !

Close not, sweet heart,
Close not the door !
Love that hath made of thee a thing apart,
Made thee the perfect being that thou art,
To soothe men's eyes or set their hearts aflame,
I cried, when passion came,
Kneeling before
Thy shrine, " Close not the door !"

'Tis done, 'tis past ;
Now close mine eyes,
Bar up the shutters and then bolt them fast,
For I have said my say, have drunk the last
Sip from the cup of my transcendent joy ;
More were but sad annoy.
Gone, gone is all I prize,
Close thou mine eyes !

MUNDESLEY. *September* 11, 1911.

"Per quem omnia facta sunt"

O Lord, my Master,
Who did'st dress
This little sphere of earth
In such great loveliness
E'en from its birth,
That all our fairest dreams
And noblest thought
Are not, meseems,
Worthy to count as aught
Beside what lieth hid in Nature's womb,
That sacred Tomb
Of all things beautiful—not death
But Resurrection lieth hid there, breath
Of life creating fast and ever faster
New forms of young existences from nought,

How may we see Thee, Lord? For light
Is life, life service, service joy.
Hid'st Thou behind
The shadows which enwrap Thy servants round,
As once in gloom profound

Thou gav'st the ancient Law from Sinai's height
Veiled, lest the sight,
Searing men's eyes, should their weak vision cloy
And leave them blind?

Nay, for the clouds are ours
Not Thine: Thou dwellest in the blaze
Of Day unspeakable—nay more,
Thou art the Day Thyself; Thyself the shore
Of that Eternity our feeble powers
Conceive, but grasp not. Rays
Of glory in the west
That clothe in gold the crust
Of this, our age-enfeebled Star,
The labyrinth of spheres
Beside whose vastness e'en the mighty sun
(His labours scarce begun
In the untold eternity of years)
Hangs like a particle of dust,
Floating in Ether,
All these, though not Thyself, exist but in Thy Breast.

Can'st Thou indeed be sought
Within the fickle heart of man,
And dost Thou stand
While here on earth he lives his little span,
An unseen talisman
To guard, inspire, and guide his every thought,
Unseen, unscanned?

Art Thou behind the wind, the earth, the sea;
And Thou who holdest all, can these hold Thee?

Shall our poor wit aright
Explain Thy threefold light,
And vainly dare
Proclaim a new revealing of Thy Face;
Our intellect embrace
Thy boundlessness? Is there
Truth hid beneath these new imaginings?
Are they not ancient things,
Old falsehoods with new faces? Shall the veil
Of sense indeed reveal the ineffable
And tell
Things hid from highest Angels' thought above,
Which heavenly love
Conceals, lest we should shrink before Thy might,
And the brain reel at the stupendous sight?

Idolaters at best,
To Thee we leave the rest,
And frame us shapes
Before whose shrines we worship day by day,
Peering as best we may
Into the darkness which Thy glory drapes;
Making our idols prove
To each, Thy power, Thy love,
Thy justice or Thy purity, for none
Shew more than vistas of that founder-stone
Who is, and was, and will be Infinite.

For on this earth's too shrunk and narrow marge
Man's God is man writ large;
He cannot see
The height, the width, the depth which hideth Thee.

Dimned is our glasses' sheen,
Hinting what might have been,
Therefore I needs must worship as I see;
A vision bright,
The utmost fringe of Thy too glorious light,
Thy wondrous Majesty;
Yet though the view
Should blast mine eyes
And shatter all that on this earth I knew,
I needs must cry
Like Bartimæus as the crowd swept by
On that hot Syrian morning, all too soon:
"Shew, shew me Thy full noon!
Take what I prize,
The profit and the beggar's guerdon here,
Shine through the dark, and make my vision clear."

NITON. *March*, 1911.

Qui proposito sibi gaudio, sustinuit Crucem

O Thou Who hangedst once upon the Tree
  O'er a lost world, to win for sinners grace,
And shew in human guise, God's agony
    Borne for a fallen race,

Thou Who alone did'st live, alone did'st die,
  Alone did'st tread the labyrinth of death,
Raised on the Cross, as on a mountain, high
    Above the fogs beneath;

Bathed in a sunset-glory all sublime,
  A precious offering to the fresh-hewn tomb,
While at Thy feet, miasma-like, man's crime
    Hung in a sightless gloom

Murky and foul, out-shutting the bright sun,
  Filthy to breathe, unsightly to behold,
Like winter days in modern Babylon,
    Unclean and passing cold;

Thou Who did'st deign (lest ever dark despair
  Should wean our hearts from perfect trust in Thee)
To let that foulness rise, and taint the air,
    E'en round the sacred Tree

Whereon Thou hangedst for the three sad hours,
  Blinding Thy gaze upon the Father's Face,
Lest we, when hideous sin around us lowers,
    Should cast away Thy grace;

We kneel, and look, and wonder as we gaze,
  Why Thou Who ownest all, should'st suffer loss;
Should'st choose Thy subjects' jibes in place of praise,
    And for Thy Throne—a Cross;

And in Thy God-like mind, with all that is
  And was and shall be, present to Thy sight,
Should'st calmly contemplate, not heavenly bliss,
    But the sad sunless night

Of future crime and pain and loathly sin;
  The cruelty, the selfishness, the lust,
That should make this bright world a hell within—
    Ourselves more vile than dust.

Yet as I gaze and ponder that unheard—
  Unthought of Death which did our death destroy,
I call to mind the sacred writer's word;
    Thou did'st it all for joy!

Joy ! for before Thine all-embracing Eye
  And in Thy heavenly foresight all Divine,
It was not sin alone thou did'st descry,
    Though Thou saw'st mine,

But every noble deed that should be wrought
  For Thy dear Name, and in Thy service free ;
And every aspiration and great thought
    Of Christian Chivalry.

Not Anchorites alone, nor Hermits old
  Who solitary dwelt in deserts drear,
Seeking Thy Face, nor heeding heat nor cold
    So Thou wert near,

But every soldier true to duty's call,
  Alban and Martin, Havelock and Lee,
Jackson, and all the nameless ones who fall
    And face their death for Thee.

And those no less of true heroic mould,
  Doctor and Nurse, the strong, the free, the brave,
Who, rend'ring service to Thy sick and old,
    Did serve Thee to the grave ;

Frances of Rome, and Damien the priest,
  Who, had they ceased to serve, had ceased to be ;
Assisi's Saint, and last in time—not least—
    Florence of Scutari.

And if perchance in sorrow Thou did'st see
  A People growing feebler by degrees,
A Nation's manhood all too womanly
    Plunged in excess of ease,

Thou saw'st no less those hero-souls in guise
  Of maids, who scorned to bend before the fray;
Agnes the gentle, Agatha the wise,
    And sweet Cecilia.

Martyrs and saints who saw the coming light
  E'en through the mist and all-pervading gloom;
Aye, and amongst them our true English knight,
    The hero of Khartûm.

And thus it is when our too feeble powers
  Have scann'd Thy wounds and deeply-piercèd side,
We learn in part, how in those three dark hours
    Thy Soul was satisfied.

HADHAM. *August*, 1910.

The Thread of Gold

THROUGH all the tangled skeins of life
  There runs a golden thread,
It binds the present to the past,
  The living to the dead.

It stretches far above the spheres
  Beyond our mortal ken,
From God to men; from man to man,
  And back to God again.

It reaches out before time was,
  When none could count the years,
And men have bathed it with their blood,
  And women with their tears.

It binds the new-born infant round
  Before its earliest breath;
It hangs in bright and gleaming folds
  Upon the breast of Death.

'Tis traced in many a bitter pang
  Wherever man has trod,
Nay more, methinks it seems to hang
  About the throne of God.

And none may know its meaning now,
  Nor scan the reason why;
Perchance thou ne'er may'st understand
  E'en in Eternity.

But could'st thou trace it up to Heaven
  Or to th' Abyss look down,
On every strand thou'ldst see a cross,
  On every link a crown.

All moving things, the bird, the beast,
  Are links within that chain,
Free of that confraternity—
  The fellowship of pain.

For all the things that live and breathe
  In that world, or in this,
(And nothing is inanimate,
  Or lives not, where God is)

Are drawn about the feet of Christ
  By that all-gathering chain;
The sighing wind among the trees,
  The sobbing of the main,

The mighty billows' distant boom
  Upon a lonely strand,
The pathos of a sea-bird's call
  In a deserted land,

The cry of innocence betrayed,
  The groans of those who fall
Upon some stricken battlefield,
  And die at duty's call,

The lowing oxen in the byre,
  Caged song-birds in their pain,
All bear the burden of their God
  And reach to Him again.

And all life's simple homely things,
  Are straitened in desire,
The very stones do live and breathe
  And yearn for something higher.

All, all are links within the chain,
  And when the day is won,
All faithful hearts shall glitter then
  Like diamonds in the sun.

All but the selfish—all but those
  Who seek their own content,
And water pleasure with the tears
  Shed by the innocent.

Then fear not, comrades, for the pain,
The strife, the stormy weather,
Are golden strands which build the cord
And bind all hearts together.

November, 1912.

To an Authoress with a Musical Kitchenmaid

HERE amid gardens fair and woodlands green
Where e'en our Abigail's constrained to rhyme,
And in the magic twilight may be seen
Cooking asparagus in 3–4 time,
Or panting breathless as she seeks to climb
Parnassian heights, the while some fricassé
Daintily flavourèd with mint or thyme,
Stands clean forgot, and fries itself away;
Outstretched upon a seat both wide and deep,
I watch my lovely hostess with her pen,
Track through the maze of life some silly sheep
That's jumped the sheltering hurdle once again,
And think: "O Arthur, sweet thy lot must be
When Sheba's Queen will sit and read to thee!"

WITLEY. *May* 31, 1913.

To a Lady for Her Birthday Book

You ask, sweet Lady, for your Birthday Book
  Some short, well-worded, apt and tuneful ditty ;
Lines that must run as smooth as any brook,
  And thoughts complete, terse, sensible and witty.

Say : shall I copy worthy Mr. Shaw,
  And use some swear-word that is quite appalling ?
Or shall I tell in true Browningian lore,
  How Setebos upon his front lay sprawling ?

Beauty is at a discount here, just now,
  And *Grace* is something hopelessly insipid ;
We must be *forcible*, and study how
  To write with pens in drains and gutters dippèd.

We must be cubist, futural, grotesque,
  Telégraphic like Mr. Marinetti ;
" Groans, grumblings, bosoms, battles, beer, burlesque,"
  Most bards can rant such rantings, more's the pity !

Yet, when our modern seers have prophesied
  And preach'd their new-discovered art, so smugly,
Our ancient ones, with eyelids opened wide,
  And acheing ears, will mutter : " Oh ! how ugly ! "

June 29, 1914.

The M.P.

Tom Tadpole was an honest man
  Who kept a grocer's shop,
And fed his youthful neighbours with
  The luscious lollipop.

Or, if you choose so, gentle Sir,
  He was a merchant bold,
Who bought his wares in Mincing Lane
  Much cheaper than he sold,

Or, he was an attorney's clerk
  In some small country town,
Who when required to state his trade,
  "Solicitor" wrote down;

And should that title not suffice,
  Nor confidence inspire,
He was not loth to add thereto
  The title of "Esquire."

Each night he warmed his slippered feet
  And smoked his bad cheroot,
While meditating long and deep
  On man's supreme pursuit,

The super-noble search for pelf,
  Quest of the Super-man,
(For if one cannot help oneself,
  I ask you, Sir, Who can?)

Thus, growing rich, he soon became,
  As years did quickly pass,
What Mr. Apuleius
  Might call a Golden Ass.

And as mankind are mostly fools
  As Carlyle did recall,
They made our Tadpole an M.P.
  To represent them all.

"And to which side did he belong?"
  Ah! now, you have me there!
If Tory, Labour, Radical,
  I neither know nor care.

This one distinction always marks
  The Politicians' game:
The Ins are in; the Outs are out;
  The rest is much the same.

"So now we will instruct," they said,
"Young Tadpole in his dooty,
And just remember, Mr. T.,
We're out for place and booty."

At first he scarcely understood;
His eyes were full of fear,
And so they gave him, just to start,
Four hundred pounds a year.

And then they taught him how to speak
In sweet hyperbole;
He quickly learned the trick, and soon
Romanced like an M.P.

Since he knew nought of Statesmanship
And nothing of Finance,
Geography or History,
(Although he'd heard of France),

They put him in the Cabinet
As "Board of Education,"
And though he couldn't spell a bit,
He taught the English Nation.

His great success in doing nought
Entailed a quick promotion,
So he went to teach the Admirals
How best to sail the ocean.

Again promotion came his way
  By universal vote,
For he made a ship which could, they say,
  Do everything but float.

Time fails to sketch his full career,
  'Twas so supremely good,
As Minister for everything—
  But what he understood.

For that you know, my friend, is one
  Of our unbroken rules,
And though we mayn't be gentlemen,
  We surely can't be—fools?

So now he hides his ignorance
  In every way he can,
And quite forgets that, years ago,
  He was an honest man.

In a Birthday Album

As when one turns the pages of some book,
  Wond'ring what unread chapters may reveal ;
And hopes for happy scenes, yet fears to look,
  Scorning the future's hidden lore to steal.

So be this volume unto thee, dear friend,
  A picture of our ever changing life,
Where one short page in sorrow seems to end,
  And others close in passion or in strife,
But with this difference : our life's book still
Lies in our hands to make or mar at will.

Ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν

FAIR is the sunrise at dawn, and the moon's first glint
on the trees,
Fair are the ripples that break when the sea lies asleep
in the bay;
Fair are the hinds when at gaze, and a thousand times
fairer than these
Is the sight of children in daffodil fields on a morning
in May;
But fairest a maid, with her lover beside,
In an English garden at Eventide.

Glad is the hunter at morn when the south wind sweeps
o'er the lea,
Ending the Ice-King's dominion, breaking his fetters
of steel;
Bold is the soldier in fight; strong is the sailor at sea,
Facing the storm with the spray in his face and his
hand on the wheel;
But gladder and stronger and bolder, they say,
Is the lad who has plighted his troth for aye.

Great is the King on his Throne, pillar and ground of
the state;
Great is the leader of thought, guide and controller of
men:
Great is the Judge on his seat; but greater, unspeakably
great
Is the man who says "No" to the popular will, and
dare say it again.
Aye, greater than all the great is he
When he leads a people to victory.

Song

From "The Fall of Granada"

Dark, dark 'neath my feet rolls the stately Genil
  Swirling, foaming around the great piles by the quay,
Gliding softly along by the mosque and the mill,
  Out, past the flowers of the gardens and on to the sea.
Ah! could we float, thou and I, to the ocean away,
Pillowing our limbs on its billows, our heads on its breast!

Stars lie reflected in gold on the waters beneath,
  Mountains and minarets shine in the light of the moon,
Palace and cottage and bower lie as still as in death
  To awake with the breeze that will herald the sunrise, too soon,
For the day will bring strife, and the peace of the night will be past,
And the joy and the glamour and magic of midnight be gone.

Sweet is the voice of the loved one when lovers do meet,
  Sweet are the greetings of eyes and the clasping of hands,
Sweeter the kisses that close on lips opened to greet,
  And the first wild embrace on returning from desolate lands;
See, the breeze and the moon and the mountains are waiting with me,
Waiting thy coming and waiting the coming of love!

Follow me out mid the roses, and on to the shore,
  Where the ocean, eternity's embassy, rises and falls
To the song that she sings with her swaying, her desolate roar
  Making men joyous or sad as she cheers or appals;
Follow me out to the gates of the ocean away,
Palace of passion and pain and remembrance in one!

O for the songs of the ocean to sing to my Queen,
  O for the sighs of the ocean to sigh her to sleep;
Songs writ in measures melodious, long that have been
  Hidden away in dark caverns scarce known to the deep;
Sighs like the sorrows of memory, soothing and sad,
Lapping the past as the waves lap the Cyprian shore.

Per Aspera ad Astra

FIGHT out your way to the light,
  Fight out a place in the sun,
Fight through the day when the world is bright,
  Fight on when the day is done.

Fight for the girl that you love,
  Fight for the friend at your side,
Fight till the wrong gives place to the right,
  And daylight to eventide.

Fight for your country and King,
  For things that are noble and great,
For all good gifts that the future shall bring,
  For the old ones that made the State.

Fight for the breadth of the world
  'Gainst all things petty and mean,
The demagogues' tongue and the hate that is sprung
  From envy and lying and spleen.

Fight in your strength for your God,
  Fight for the Church in her need;
And tho' you may fall, you shall conquer in all,
  And die as a hero indeed.

CAPRI. *February*, 1912.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"

Wordsworth.

A STIFLED sound, a little cry
  Wafted aloft at early morn,
Perchance a tear; and you and I
        Were born.

As gulls who many a weary mile
  O'er storm seas wandering day and night,
Swirl round some rock, and then awhile
        Alight;

Strange spirits from some ethereal clime
  By one great purpose hither led,
To join the living, and in time
        The dead,

Whence came we? Is it far, or near,
  That land for ever out of sight,
And do we live in daylight here
        Or night?

Ye ancient souls, in infant mould
  That come from out the twilight clear,
Where dwelt ye in the times of old?
        Why here?

Through what eternities of time
  Did you and I impatient wait
To come at length to this strange clime
        So late?

Those ages, were they full of song,
  Wrapped in the music of the spheres?
What heard and knew ye? Were they long,
        Those years?

Saw ye His face, Whose Shadow cast
  Shines brighter than the sun at morn,
Who stayeth when all else is past
        And gone?

And when for you as Autumn falls,
  Like swallows passing out of sight,
Ye vanish, flitting through the halls
        Of night,

Steer ye your course through endless space
  Back to the land from whence ye came?
And coming, will ye find the place
        The same?

Or do not all created things
  To one vast consummation move,
Borne onward by the deathless wings
        Of love?

Sons of High God, in son-like guise,
  Ready to follow or to yield,
Thus now—but from our anxious eyes
        Concealed

Stands the high summit of our hope,
  The utmost measure of our bliss;
They soar in that world, we but grope
        In this.

Grope, say'st thou? Nay! We close our eyes
  And know things only as they seem,
Calling whate'er beyond us lies
        A Dream!

We weep not, nor would seek to free
  The haunting darkness of the mind,
Therefore our sin remaineth; we
        Are blind!

Ah! thou who'ldst teach man's faith to doubt,
  Thou delver 'neath material things,
Would'st teach a bird to fly without
        Its wings?

Thou mark'st the germ within the cell
  And think'st to solve the mystery, friend!
Thou seest Life's opening—canst thou tell
        Its end?

To J——, Making Plans for Her Eighteenth Birthday

2nd July, 19—

When I'm eighteen, and every flower shall bloom,
  I'll scatter rose-leaves on the sunny air,
And my glad heart, that findeth spacious room
  For love, shall shed sweet gladness everywhere.
Each happy child shall sing, and dull despair
  Shall fade, and be as tho't had never been,
        When I'm eighteen.

When I'm eighteen, and Summer breezes blow,
  And birds discourse sweet music to the sky,
I would have mirth to chase away all woe
  And learn to make sad hearts ring joyously,
And tears and sighs away together fly,
  Or change their mourning garb for brightest green,
        When I'm eighteen.

When I'm eighteen there'll be no place for tears,
  And tender broken hearts I'll soothe and bind
With my embraces. Cares of long past years—
  The flotsam and the jetsam of the mind—

Shall all be swept away, for I will find
  My place in joy of service, I, your queen,
    When I'm eighteen.

And when at length the hurrying, quick-told years
  Have led me gently on to Autumn gray,
And life still smiles for me, but smiles in tears,
  And joys of golden youth have past away,
Then, as I ponder, I perchance shall say:
  "More sweet Life's sacrifice, and this dull day
Than when the russet woods were young and green
  And cast long shadows with the sun between,
    And I eighteen!"

Dulcis Memoria

My spirit wanders through forsaken places,
  Vast empty halls and solitudes forlorn,
Where tender glances once, and soft embraces
  Made sweet the night, and fragrant too, the morn.

'Tis memory's shrine; the home of sweet remembrance,
  With thoughts of days too bright for aught but tears,
Where every form, a shadowed soft resemblance,
  Has vanish'd with the passing of the years.

Hadham. *January*, 1912.

Τὰ γὰρ βλεπόμενα πρόσκαιρα

When I at morn behold the glorious sun
Uprising from the hollows of the deep,
And mark his beams, like golden coursers, run
Up to the clouds, or o'er the ocean creep;
When I perceive the earth, awaked from sleep,
Smile gently back to sunshine and to main,
And hear the birds that twitter Lauds, and cheep
Matins, till all is silent once again,
Is it, O Lord, idolatry, when I
Filled with these realms of Thine, so passing fair,
Forget Thy greater realms beyond the sky,
Forget that Thou Thyself art Beauty there,
While my heart's roots round these Thy creatures twine?
Reflect they not Thy Face? Are they not also Thine?

Niton. *March*, 1911.

To M——

The morning mists of life have drifted o'er
And faded in the light of full-blown day.
The gentle breezes, wafting more and more
Sweet dreams of childhood, destined not to stay,
But to appear, inspire, and pass away,
These too have gone, nor bent to my desire
To keep them longer; like some dew-drench'd spray
Of roses fading ere their time, when fire
Has scorch'd them. For all things, most fair and good
Point but to others fairer. What we prize
Leads on to things more precious still; as life
Slowly unfolds like some unfolding bud,
Or as the horizon which, through storm and strife
No wayfarer attains, though e'er before his eyes.

Looe. *March*, 1914.

Πέλαγος θαλάσσης

How art thou filled with sadness, O great sea !
Thou hid'st beneath thy inevitable roar,
Resounding ceaselessly from shore to shore,
The relics of the fair, the brave, the free !
Unchanged, yet ever-changing harbinger
Of storms, what hosts ere time shall have an end
To sleep beneath thy billows shalt thou send,
And find in thy vast womb their sepulchre !
What destinies hast thou cut short ? What fears
Assuaged, what brilliant hopes for ever drowned,
What loves, what hates, what high disdain of life,
What sighs dost thou remember, and what strife,
What aspirations after peace profound !
And what hast thou forgotten all those years ?

Regina Sabæ

MUCH did she hope for, much did she desire;
  As, through the parchèd deserts' dusty way
Her tribesmen led her; for a heart on fire,
  And bright eyes flashing at each small delay
Made all men strive their best to bring the day,
  The great day ever nearer, when the Queen
Should stand before the Wise One, and should say:
  "Shew me the things that none but thou hast seen,
Teach me the lore that none but thou can shew,
  Speak and reveal thy wonders; for my soul
Is all aflame for knowledge, and would fain
Return no more unto the past again.
  Though I am fair, and happy, and heart-whole;
I give it all to know as thou dost know."

She came, she saw, she pondered; and the lore
  She longed for, though but faintly understood,
Made all that she had known and loved before,
  And counted beauteous, or supremely good,
And all things dear unto her maidenhood
  Seem but as dross and tinsel; and she cried:
"For all these years in twilight have I stood
  With eyes half-closed; but now I ope them wide

And lo ! of all they told me of thy power,
  The half was not imagined nor revealed
I stand amazèd in a new-found earth.
  Truths do shine forth that erstwhile lay conceal'd ;
Each moment some fresh wonder comes to birth,
And life unfolds herself in one short hour."

So is it ever with the immortal soul,
  By that fair Queen so wondrously exprest ;
Eternal childhood, pressing to the goal,
  Yet all day long finding its interest
In childish things, and strife and vain unrest ;
  Forging ahead, yet ever looking back,
Until the hour when dawns the Vision Blest,
  The Real behind the Seeming. Then shall lack
Words to express thy wonder and amaze,
  When once thy startled vision shall awake
    To forms of priceless beauty, and the full
Knowledge of that which in thy twilight days
  Thou dreamedst of but knew'st not, forth shall break,
    Unhoped, unthought, undreamt, unspeakable.

Sympathy

It is not fitting, Lord, that I should live
  Through the swift years, and all the fleeting days
Taking with both hands all Thou hast to give,
  Returning nought but my too feeble praise.
It is not right that I should hope to raise
  A faëry palace for myself alone,
Wherein to plant my hopes, while age delays
  His coming to my garden overstrown
With roses : let me freely take my part
  In all the sadness of my brother's pain,
In all his dark despair, until my heart
  Can beat in unison with his again,
Until with all my soul I learn to hate
The trammels which have made us separate.

Nay, rather let me patient learn to kiss
  That rod Thou wieldest both for him and me ;
To find my happiness where sorrow is,
  My service in all pain and poverty.
Faith pines in wealth, the very power to see
  Doth vanish oft with the fair gift of sight,
And all the talents 'neath the sun may be
  Without the grace to see and live aright.
Then let me welcome as a joyous gift
  That pain which makes me freeman in the sad
Community of sorrow ; let the rift
  Through which the sunlight shines to make them glad
Be widened somewhat through my sharing pain,
And brighten their horizon once again.

Much Hadham. *October* 15, 1911.

SUNDRY TRANSLATIONS

Envoi de Roses

Vicomte de Borelli.

If from this bunch, the fairest rose
  Should please thy fancy for a while,
And pressed against thy heart, repose
  In the bright sunshine of thy smile,
Perchance therein, for who can tell,
  May lie my heart—oh, guard it well!

But if instead, some rosebuds pale
  Should open silent at thy gaze,
And touch thy lips, and opening, fail
  With passion, radiant in a blaze
Of glory, they may chance to be
  My kisses—give them back to me!

Le Ciel est pardessus le Toit

Paul Verlaine.

THE blue sky hangs around the roof
So calm, so blest :
A fir tree overhangs the roof
Waving its crest,

The church bell poised against the sky,
So gently rings,
A bird swaying in the branch on high
Tenderly sings.

O God, O God ! But here is life
Tranquil and wise !
Sounds like a murmur without strife
From the town rise.

What hast thou done, thou there below
Shedding those tears ?
Where are they gone ? Dost know ?
Those priceless years ?

Getröst, das Leben schreitet

Novalis.

THIS changing life is hasting
  Towards the unchanging Day,
And the inner Light that lights us
  Shall guide us on our way.
The starry heav'ns shall vanish
  In the brightness of that dawn,
And we shall be the little stars
  That greet that wondrous morn.

There love waits for the asking,
  There partings are no more,
There fullest life shall lap the spheres
  As waves do lap the shore.
Life, one unending poem,
  Life, one divine embrace,
And this shall be our sunshine—
  The vision of God's face.

November, 1912.

After Heine

Too well they loved each other, yet in vain,
  Nor each to either would their love confess.
She did encounter him with high disdain;
  He cherished her with nought but bitterness.

And thus it was that none could their distress
  Alleviate or soften; passing years
Wasted and gone in utter wantonness,
  Saw nought but smiles that mocked, and secret tears.

Silent, with acheing hearts they inward bled,
  Nor would that any should discern their lot:
They loved, they suffered. Now they have lain dead
  Long weary years, and yet they heed it not.

May, 1912.

After Heine

Once across my darkened vision
  Shone a picture, passing fair;
Vanishing, it left me helpless,
  Wrapt in shadows everywhere.

And as children in the darkness
  Sing to reassure their fears,
I, a child no less, must carol
  Through the shadows of the years,

Singing in the growing darkness
  As I walk in lonely state,
'Neath the dead and dying foliage
  Of the earth, disconsolate.

May 28, 1912.

CONCLUSION

Dominus regnavit, irascantur Populi

THOU sit'st above the water-floods serene,
And at Thy Feet, in harbours deep and calm,
Lie moored the barks that bear Thy children free.
Their prows that rise and fall with every tide
Scarce heed the tempest raging wild without!
The mountainous waves that deal destruction round
Break in a gentle murmur at Thy Feet.

Thou sit'st alone above the water-floods!
The raging of the people moves Thee not
To battle! Thou dost rule the world in peace,
Moulding all things that are to Thy desire!
Mid Life's unending movement Thou art still.
The countless hordes of evil thundering by
Disturb Thee not, nor break Thy deep repose.

Thou standest fast while all else passeth by,
Thou stand'st alone while all that is decays.
The blending scenes of Life's Kaleidoscope,
Thou seest them all together, first and last,
Like rushing rivers viewed from mountain tops;
Thou one unchanging midst unceasing change,
Man's everlasting Anchor and his End.

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